UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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JOHN GALSWORTHY
By John Haynes Holmes

WASHINGTON AND FREE TRADE
By Edwin D. Mead

WHY THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE HAS FAILED
By Wilfred Wellock

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER?
(*A Suggested Scenario*)
By Arthur L. Weatherly

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

What I Know About Beer

Beer is coming back, we are told. There is a jubilant note in the announcement. Beer is to balance the budget. Beer is to banish the depression and restore prosperity. Beer is to revive the discouraged souls of men and renew happiness in human hearts.

Well, I know something about beer. Back in the so-called good old wet days when beer was lawful, I was a police reporter for a while on a morning newspaper in an American city of about 300,000 population. Beer was plentiful then. I doubt if there was a point in that city from which you could not find your way to a licensed saloon or a beer garden in less than five minutes. It was my business to gather the news of crime, of vice, of underworld activities. I remember that lawful beer played a large part in making that news. It was inseparably mixed up with the brew of lawlessness, of violence, of indecency and corruption out of which came the happenings that made sensational items for the newspaper.

I did not notice that beer was making anybody prosperous but the brewers and the saloon keepers. I did notice that it was making a lot of folks poor. I did notice that it was breaking up homes. I did notice that it was destroying the worth of fatherhood and demoralizing the value of motherhood. True it was contributing revenue to the government, but it was cancelling that contribution by reducing the earning power of workers, eating up their possible savings, preventing them from acquiring property and homes, creating slum neighborhoods and non-taxpaying citizens.

That is why all this talk about the blessings which are to come to us from the return of lawful beer makes no impression on my mind. It may carry some weight with persons who have short memories, or persons who were born too late to know by experience the good old wet days. But to a newspaper man who was a police reporter in times when beer was legalized and made semi-respectable by government sanction, the loud advertising of its virtues sounds like the silliest nonsense.

Let nobody tell you that beer is not intoxicating. I have seen men drunk on beer, and nothing but beer, much too often to fall for that fable. It may take several bottles to produce obvious results, but several bottles is no impossible quantity for a man. I have seen men become morose, quarrelsome, ugly tempered and fightingly stupid on beer. Moreover, beer, with its milder alcoholic content, is the appetizer for more ardent liquors. Alcohol is a habit forming drug. In beer it stimulates the desire for something with a bigger kick.

Congress proposes to call beer non-intoxicating. Our wet friends are fond of saying that you cannot change human nature by legislation. They are probably right. But if you cannot change human nature by act of congress or parliament, no more can you change the nature of alcoholic beer by a like process.

(*Continued on page* 367)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1933 Number 23

HYMN OF TECHNOCRACY

I

From earth's remotest fastness,
From sea, and stream, and star,
There pours the ceaseless power
Of God a-near and far.

II

Man snares the cosmic forces
That move in earth and sky;
He frames machines to harness
Their motion as they fly.

III

He wields at last the lightning;
He binds the fire and flood.
But to what end, and for what sake,
O Thou, the True and Good?

—*John Haynes Holmes.*

The American press continues to make a fool of itself over the great Hitler *coup*. Or, to be more respectful, it deliberately refuses to face the fact that a contemporary Danton has seized power in Germany and has given the final blow to the Republic. When the Nazi leader was actually named Chancellor after our newspapers had been shouting for months that his prestige was waning and would soon disappear, the editors comforted themselves and their readers with the bland assurance that Hindenburg had in reality captured Hitler and was fettering him with the chains of office to make him behave. See the conservative cabinet, they said; this means that the Nazis are in office but not in power, and therefore must be good. The old President is running things, and has at last accomplished Hitler's surrender. The same way, be it said, the old Field-Marshal accomplished the surrender of Foch! For within twenty-four hours after our newspapers had declared that the National Socialist government meant nothing, Hindenburg passed over to Hitler full and exclusive control by granting him power to adjourn the Reichstag and rule by decree. Hitler in turn lost not a moment in calling an election in early March, that he may straightway consolidate his administration and be as completely master in Germany as Mussolini is in Italy and Stalin in Russia. The Nazis, in other words, by a rise unprecedented in history, have reached the crest of a flood which has engulfed the Reich and may well engulf all Europe before it passes. Having failed completely at the silly business of pooh-poohing Hitler, our American newspapers may now be counted upon to change their policy, as they did with Mussolini, and pour upon him the tides of adulation. A few more months, or even weeks, and we shall be learning what a wonderful man this Hitler is. Watch and see if this is not so! Meanwhile, Hitler will remain what he really is—a political leader of enormous power and ability, and of incalculable danger to the peace and order of the world.

We have nothing but admiration for Mr. Roosevelt's Tennessee reclamation scheme. It is a perfect illustration of what we regard as statesmanship. It meets a present situation with activities that reach into the future; it undertakes constructive and not merely palliative measures; it shows imagination, grasp of facts, and creative energy. Its virtue is that it is the kind of thing that would be beneficial at any time in any forward-looking nation. And just here, also, is its weakness, for as a means of relieving the unemployment problem, it is after all a mere drop in the bucket. That is the worst of any scheme of relief, apart from an actual "dole." The number of unemployed in this country reaches into the many millions, and Mr. Roosevelt's plan will provide for only a few hundred thousand. If any impression is to be made upon unemployment totals at all, there would have to be not one but a dozen, or a score, of reclamation undertakings. But where is the federal government going to get the money for a multiplication of these vast projects in this age of economy, especially when Mr. Roosevelt himself is pledged to cut expenditures by 25 per cent? Perhaps it is this inescapable discrepancy between expenditures and economies that persuades Hitler in Germany, grappling with the same problem, to talk about "forced labor." But Hitler is an autocrat, not unlike the Mussolini model, and he may be able to do things which an American president could never do. The fact of the matter is, this nation is up against a problem which can be met by no single adjustment or device anywhere. The Technocrats are right—the social system itself is working to its own destruction, and nothing but a complete reconstruction of this system will avail anything permanent. This is a turning-point of history. Only a change as fundamental as the change from feudalism into industrialism

will save us. What this change will be, and how it will be brought about—well, this remains to be seen.

The depression is lingering with us not for any lack of remedies. How many things will cure our troubles, if only the advocates are to be believed! Thus, the repeal of the 18th Amendment will restore prosperity—just the way it has been restored in England, for example, by the flourishing of the liquor trade! Inflation will do the job—just as it was done, we suppose, in Germany in 1922 and 1923! Abandonment of the gold standard is a sure way out, according to certain of our senators—as witness a world which went off the gold standard in most countries long ago! A higher tariff will end all distress, says James A. Farrell, former President of the United States Steel Corporation—as who can doubt who sees what protection has done for us already? An expenditure of $500,000,000 for public works will save us—and, if you doubt it, look at Australia, which has tried this remedy, and is no worse off than the rest of the planet! Or "Buy American" will do it—as "Buy British" has done it! Anything and everything, programs galore—except only the one program of setting men to work producing the goods which they need even unto death; and allowing them to consume what they produce, with nobody in between to exploit their labor for purposes of private profit! It was Tolstoy who said long ago—and the charge is still unanswered!—that we were ready to do everything to save society except only get off the workers' backs. The fact is we are quacks, and the victims of quacks, because we hope by some elixir of magic to cure our economic ills without radically changing the character of the economic system which has produced these ills. It can't be done, dear friends! We are at the end of all further possibility of fooling with our troubles. What we face, as a condition of life, is *a major operation.*

Our state and city governments seem to be going tax crazy. Of course, they need the money. Who doesn't? But the devices they are suggesting for lifting it from the pockets of the citizens into the coffers of the public treasury are wellnigh beyond belief. Governor Lehmann, of New York, is far in the van of wild men. Thus, in his recent message, he proposed another cent added to the gasoline tax, which would make the tax per gallon almost half as much again as the initial price; a flat one per cent tax on gross income, *in addition* to the regular state income tax which was doubled this past year; and the inevitable sales tax. This sales tax is getting popular with the states just in proportion as it is getting unpopular with Washington—as though the tax payers, once they catch their breath, won't object as strenuously to being robbed in this fashion by home officials as by the federal publicans! Mayor O'Brien, of New York City, had a happy thought when he proposed to tax all commuters and other visitors entering the metropolis each day. The protests of merchants and hotel keepers, plus the threat of the neighboring suburban towns to tax New Yorkers entering or crossing their territory, put a quietus on this idea. Philadelphia undertook to lay a tax on jobs—a failing source of revenue if there ever was one! But when indignant citizens began to march on City Hall and to talk of strikes, the tune was promptly changed by the city fathers. It is amusing to have these taxes imposed or proposed at the very time when all economists are agreed, whatever their other differences, that the increase of the purchasing power of the public is absolutely essential to business recovery. And it is outrageous, when it is noted that invariably these increased taxes are laid impartially upon the poor. Any idea of taxing the rich, and thus getting money from the one place where it can be spared, is of course never thought of. So, whatever little we have, the government is going to take away. Hurrah for prosperity—and for the politicians, who of course have to live!

Our readers will remember the furious discussion some years ago of the so-called "wild children" of Soviet Russia. These were several millions of boys and girls, orphaned by the war and the famines, who were wandering the country in the summer time, herding in the cities in the winter time, and living generally like savages. Two or three years ago, even in Moscow, it was not unusual to be set upon by groups of these abandoned children and robbed in the streets. It was the custom here in America, when the "wild children" were the talk of the day, to use them as an argument against the Soviet Republic. Imagine such a condition, was the song! Hordes of homeless boys and girls, wandering about like barbarians! These Bolsheviks are failures, and here is proof of it. As a matter of fact, of course, the Bolsheviks were no more responsible for these waifs than San Francisco was responsible for its earthquake victims. What the Bolsheviks *are* responsible for is the rescue of the children from the degradation into which the chaos and terror of the times had thrown them. For there are no "wild children" in Russia any more. Their reclamation must ever remain one of the proudest achievements of revolutionary Russia. But now, what about our own country? We also, in our turn, are suffering something like an experience of social chaos. War is not at our gates, but famine *is!* And lo, in America today, exactly as in Russia yesterday, the "wild children" are appearing. To be sure, our waifs are as yet only to be numbered by the hundreds of thousands, whereas in Russia they totaled several millions. But they are here—the same phenomenon which led us a few years ago to denounce the Soviet Republic with all the opprobrious epithets

in the dictionary of hate! According to no less a person than Hon. Newton D. Baker, Chairman of the Welfare and Relief Mobilization of 1932, there are today some 200,000 young persons of both sexes running wild in this country. Until recently these boys and girls have been hiking on the roads, "bumming" on the railroads, drifting from village to village and from farm to farm. With the coming of cold weather, they have herded in the cities—hordes of youthful vagabonds in New York and Chicago, as formerly in Leningrad and Moscow. Here we are, with the same dreadful problem on our hands that Russia had! What are we going to do? Sink into apathy and shame, or rescue these abandoned youngsters, as the Bolsheviks did?

What are our newspapers going to do with their columnists? In a rivalry for "features," perhaps in a rather openminded spirit of "fair field, no favor," many of our great journals have placed brilliant men upon their staffs to write material of their own, under their own names, and in a relation of utter irresponsibility so far as the editorial office is concerned. This is a fine idea until it works out in practice, and then the trouble begins. In the old New York *World,* for example, Heywood Broun fought the battle for Sacco and Vanzetti in his column with a ferocity which outraged and then frightened the more staid and sober editorial page. The result was a split which resulted in the tragedy of Broun's resignation, and then the tragic-comedy of the *World* itself curling up and dying. Heywood Broun went to the *World-Telegram,* and speedily became a Socialist. Whereupon, during the recent campaign, we had the hilarious spectacle of the *World-Telegram* supporting Roosevelt in its editorials, and Broun ridiculing and lambasting Roosevelt in his column. The same discords rang out with clash and clangor in the New York *Herald-Tribune* which at one and the same time published ardent advocacy of Hoover on its editorial page and equally ardent advocacy of Roosevelt in Walter Lippman's column. Unhappy and yet helpless, the journal found comfort in releasing from its readers such a bombardment of letters attacking the columnist as no man has sustained in recent years. More recently, the New York *Times* was in trouble with Will Rogers, who contributes a daily message to its pages. The *Times* is all for cancellation of the debts, and Rogers shouts "pay, or default." As vindications of the right of free speech, these exhibitions are encouraging, but we doubt if the newspapers ever intended them as such. The trouble seems to be that brilliant fellows were employed to wield a pen in their columns, as other brilliant fellows were similarly employed to wield a pencil in their comic strips. But once enthroned, these men suddenly developed into editors, preachers, prophets, politicians. Only one columnist has stuck like a shoemaker to his last—the inimitable F. P. A. All the rest have undertaken, in one way or another, to instruct statesmen, dictate policies, and in general save the world. But can a newspaper run two editorial pages, *each* making *the other ridiculous?* What to do is a nice question!

John Galsworthy

I

I met and talked with John Galsworthy only once —at a dinner in New York City where his shy presence was almost lost in the hurly-burly of excited guests. I shall not soon forget his clean-cut figure and courtly face as he sat beside the huge, sprawling mass of Theodore Dreiser. The style of the two great authors was in their personalities—the one all elegance, beauty and refinement, the other awkward, ugly, and coarse. Especially in such contrast did Galsworthy appear the knightly gentleman, the spiritual aristocrat, the fine product of centuries of breeding, the flower of an august tradition of enlightened Englishmen.

John Galsworthy in the subtler aspects of personality was the handsomest man I have ever seen. There was a cleanness about him that was purifying, a dignity that was ennobling. Serenity sat on him as a crown, gentleness wrapped him around as a garment. Exquisite in courtesy and culture, reserved yet gracious, quiet yet friendly, he seemed the distillation of man's highest qualities. Something very precious was within him that we have lost, or are losing, these degenerate days. Self-respect, integrity, honor, poise of mind, reverence of spirit, a code of manners—were these his heritage, or his own stern discipline?

II

Galsworthy lived in modest homes and walked in pleasant by-paths. He never sought the acclaim of multitudes, and seldom entered the clamorous company of his artistic colleagues. He preferred to dwell apart, and keep his life his own. He came and went here in America, where brazen reporters haunt piers and railroad stations and hotel lobbies, and was not interviewed nor heralded. His was a genius for retirement, as other men's is a genius for the public stage. Even in this era, it seems, one may keep his presence withdrawn, and his counsel to himself, if he so choose.

Yet Galsworthy's fame is world-wide. He was one of the four great English writers of his generation who were as well known and as widely read abroad as at home. Declining a knighthood proffered by his King, he later accepted an Order of Merit, the highest

distinction in the gift of the British crown. Last year he was awarded, with unanimous applause and approval, the supreme honor of the Nobel Prize for Literature. The original manuscript of his greatest novel lies enshrined in the British Museum among the cherished treasures of the literature of his country. His death ranks him with the immortals.

III

Galsworthy was a voluminous writer—I find over fifty titles in his list of works! These titles also are various, covering a wider field than was compassed by any one of his great contemporaries. Arnold Bennett and Bernard Shaw wrote no poems, Wells and Kipling no plays, Barrie no essays, Pinero no novels. But Galsworthy used all these forms.

His poems were perhaps his least successful and significant productions. Strange that one whose prose was so suffused with beauty could accomplish so little in verse! Had he written nothing else, he would have been remembered, if remembered at all, as a very minor poet.

His essays were always exquisite from the standpoint of literary art, and frequently important and impressive in content. Galsworthy always had something to say, and knew how to say it. But even when his indignation was stirred in protest against some great evil, he wrote with pity rather than with passion. There was little of the scornful ironist in him, as in Shaw; nothing of the flaming pamphleteer, as in Wells. Galsworthy was always graceful, dignified, even gentle. He was of the school of Addison and Lamb rather than of Swift and Paine.

Galsworthy's real greatness becomes first apparent in his short stories. I think that here he has never been rated as high as he deserves. His novels have perhaps overshadowed and diminished the stature of these stories, as Sir Walter Scott's Waverleys have overshadowed and obscured the stature of his poems. But if there is a nobler collection of tales in our language than Galsworthy's large volume entitled "Caravan," I do not chance to know what it is. "The Apple-Tree," "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte," and "The Stoic," not to mention other stories of smaller proportions, would alone make the fame and secure the rank of any man. No form is more difficult than that of the short story. Few authors excel in it; a Hawthorne, a Maupassant, is a rarity. But high among these few acknowledged masters of the art must be rated Galsworthy.

But it is in his novels and his plays that this man wrought his greatest achievements. Only James Matthew Barrie can match him in these fields so utterly diverse. In the case of Barrie, the novelist practically died when the playwright was borne. When the Scotsman was attracted to the stage, in other words, he practically gave up his writing of stories. But Galsworthy to the very end confessed and practiced a divided loyalty. An unremitting workman at his craft, we are told that he wrote three hours every morning on his novels, and three hours every afternoon on his dramas. The account would seem to be accurate, for the work in both fields is impressive, and matches about equally in quantity.

As to quality, there may be conflicting opinions. Certainly his plays rank among the leading works of the greatest period of the English drama since the Elizabethans. Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Barrie, Ervine, Phillips, Synge, Yeats—what a galaxy of genius! And Galsworthy must be placed here among the leading two or three. It is a long list of dramas from "The Silver Box" to "Escape." A half-dozen of the titles—"Strife," "Justice," "The Fugitive," "The Skin Game," "The Pigeon," "Loyalties"—are memorable. No man of his time wrote more successfully for the stage through so many years, and few more worthily.

But my first choice among all Galsworthy's writings is his novels. When a group of admirers petitioned the Dean of Westminster for his burial in the Abbey, it was of his novels that they were thinking, and primarily of course of the immortal "Forsyte Saga". Galsworthy's range in the field of fiction was curiously contracted—he covered no such area here as in the theatre! He was predominantly the interpreter and mouthpiece of that higher middle class in English society which flourished so mightily in the Victorian age, and has struggled so pitifully for survival ever since. Our Communist friends would cite him as *par excellence* the fictive historian of the bourgeois! But within this field, so narrow outwardly, he compassed inwardly the whole of life. If socially, so to speak, he knew but a single class, psychologically and spiritually he knew all of the human heart. It is this fact which gives reason to the claim, so often made, that he was the English Balzac. Certainly the long succession of his novels, to say nothing of their style and manner, and also purpose, was not unlike that of the famous Frenchman. And the glowing planet among the lesser luminaries in this succession is of course "The Forsyte Saga," of which "A Modern Comedy" is rightly to be taken as an integral part. Here is an authentic masterpiece. It was produced as every masterpiece is produced—by a process not of invention but of conception and slow growth. By virtue of its achievement, the author of the "Saga" ranks among the few writers of any age who have created a world of their own, in which during a period of years they have lived and wrought. The Forsytes are realer than most actual human creatures. Their chronicle will be remembered and read when most other works of this generation have long since been forgotten. This is genius triumphantly at work.

IV

If we assess the qualities of John Galsworthy's genius, apart from his craftsmanship, we find three qualities predominant. These qualities fused into a spirit which was one of the rarest and purest of our time.

First, there was the sense of beauty. Here Galsworthy was the heir of Keats, and is the companion of Masefield. His prose style, a thing of utter loveliness, was wrought out of the inner consciousness of his life, perhaps the one real passion that he ever knew, which was the love of beauty. All through his writings this passion sounds like music. It is an undertone from which they never escape—usually calm and serene, like a quiet atmosphere, occasionally exotic, as in that strange book, "The Dark Flower," now and again, though not often, mounting to ecstasy. Beauty was the one thing in Galsworthy's mind, without which no viewpoint, no philosophy, no religion, was complete. How characteristic that passage in his latest novel, "Flowering Wilderness"—

> 'Are you a Christian, Uncle?'
>
> 'No, my dear; if anything a Confucian. . . . Most of our caste in this country, if they only knew it, are Confucian rather than Christian. Belief in ancestors, and tradition, respect for parents, honesty, moderation of conduct . . . absence of self-obtrusion, and stoicism in face of pain and death.'
>
> 'What more,' murmured Dinny, 'does one want except the love of beauty?'

And as no philosophy or religion was complete which didn't recognize beauty, so in Galsworthy's view no life was successful which did not win it. This was the tragedy of Soames Forsyte! His wife, Irene, was the veritable incarnation of sheer beauty. How he yearned for her those readers know who recall the little sketch in "On Forsyte 'Change," and the second interlude in "A Modern Comedy." But for all his property, which gave him mastery of everything else, Soames could not possess her. He seized her, only to lose her.

Secondly, in Galsworthy's genius, we find poise, impartiality, tolerance, an absence of prejudice, a desire for fair play, a sense of justice. He knew that life was difficult, complex not so much in its clash of good and bad as in its conflict of virtues—as see "Loyalties!" This taught him that there were two sides to every problem, a reason and perhaps even a justification for every life; and he sought always to hold the balances even. This was the reason why he was so poor an advocate, and so noble an interpreter. Especially in his plays did he always seem to be engaged in stating a case, *pro* and *con*. "Strife" is the supreme example—a drama wherein the problem of capital and labor is presented with such utter impartiality of spirit as to quicken sympathy and win support for both sides in the struggle which brings ruin and defeat to both. This attitude was supremely characteristic of Galsworthy's mind. Soames Forsyte is of course the living incarnation of it among his characters. No man so far removed from our sympathies in the beginning! Yet the author understands him so deeply, and pleads for him so fairly, that in the end we mourn his death.

This leads at once to the third and final element in Galsworthy's spiritual being. I refer to his compassion—compassion for all in the world that is weak, helpless, and afraid. His love for animals was a beautiful feature of his life, and it all sprang from his pain over their dependence upon man which was so often, alas, wantonly betrayed and ferociously abused. But he was no sentimentalist who could moan and wail over animals while mankind suffered. Here his pity made him, if ever, the advocate. For as he was bowed down by the knowledge of the multitude of men and women who are abused, exploited, tortured and slain by an unjust and merciless society, so he was lifted up by the high resolve to deliver these multitudes from their agony and death. Gentle and tolerant as he was, he flamed on occasion to revolt, and once at least, by his play, "Justice," achieved single-handed a reform of social life. John Galsworthy was a veritable saint of compassion, and therefore on occasion a martyr and apostle. If one note more than any other sounds in the writings of this great man, it is the note of pity for the weak, forlorn, forgotten among his fellows, and of petition for their relief.

V

In the end it is to the man rather than to the artist that I turn, for the man is ever greater than the artist. As I think of Galsworthy in the sad loss of his untimely death, I find myself remembering afresh that delicate face and those quiet eyes. I feel again the shyness of a person who seemed to shrink from a world that was so ugly and harsh and cruel. And I sense as it were like fragrance that inner soul which clung fast to beauty, and to understanding, and to everlasting pity. Galsworthy was a great writer; more than this, he was a true gentleman. A past which produced and bred such a man cannot be wholly bad. A future which, in its storms of revolt and upheavals of misery, may shut out such a man, cannot be wholly good.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

The death of John Galsworthy seems to have been the most widely lamented death in English literature since the passing of Soames Forsyte.

On the 4th of March and after, the numerous "Hoovervilles" in this country will be called "Roosevelt Manors."

A scientist declares that the idea that the average length of human life in ancient times was much greater than it is today is a pure superstition. We would like to know how he knows. Did he consult the vital statistics of ancient times, or did he interview the dead?

A million years hence, it is declared, New York City will be a mile under water. Dear, *dear!* We have not built those sky-scrapers high enough.

Our Congressmen have refused to cut their salaries, but they have agreed to cut their funeral expenses. So far, so good! Now in the interest of economy, and of the good of the nation generally, we can think of no greater boon than that the salaries of these Congressmen be ended and the funeral expenses spended.

Henry Ford thinks these are good times. Like John D. Rockefeller, he sees nothing to worry about. This looks to us like a full-blooded case of economic determinism. Perhaps the Communists are right!

J. H. H.

Washington and Free Trade

The world today is in the worst wrangle over high tariffs which we have ever known. Europe is convulsed from one end to the other over tariff issues. The new states set up by the Versailles treaty have multiplied new boundaries, and most unhappily these have become commercial barriers with new tariffs as their presumed chief defense. The mischief of this in the agricultural Danubian states has become so devastating that the central and western European nations have unitedly and necessarily cut down their tariffs affecting those nations in signal measure. M. Briand, the greatest of recent European statesmen and the most internationally minded among them, was keenly alive to this mischief of tariffs and commercial barriers between the European states; and his dominant interest in his last years was the creation of a United States of Europe, between which states tariffs should be abolished. One of his strongest appeals, as with other European leaders in the same policy, was to the example of the United States of America. He was quite aware that the analogy was not exact; but in its central principle and purpose the argument was germane and commanding.

There was nothing more mischievous or more provocative of quarrels among our states in the critical period between the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution than the tariffs between the states. A man could not take a load of wood from Connecticut into New York without paying a duty. In two or three cases there was rupture and danger of open war. Our wise fathers in the Constitutional Convention in 1787 put an end to this at one stroke; and the prime source of our prosperity from that time to this has been the fact that as between the states, over an area as vast and varied as all Europe outside of Russia, this is a free-trade federation. It works hardships of some sort to almost every state. Massachusetts wheat-growers cannot compete with Dakota, and many states cannot compete with the cotton-factories and shoe-shops of Massachusetts; but for the federation altogether it is an immense benefit. It would be a benefit for the federation of the world, whose constituent nations are now rapidly becoming as closely related and as interdependent as our states when Washington and his great associates put interstate free-trade into our national Constitution.

It is profitable at such a time to turn back to Washington's own words. He wrote with peculiar clearness and impressiveness in a letter to the Marquis de Chastellux, one of the Frenchmen who had helped us in the Revolution, written from Mount Vernon, September 5, 1785.

> My first wish (he said) is to see the blessings of peace diffused through all counties, and among all ranks in every country, and that we consider ourselves the children of a common parent, and so disposed to acts of brotherly kindness towards one another. In that case, all restrictions of trade would vanish; we should take your wines, your fruits and surplusage of other articles, and give you in return our oils, our fish, tobacco, naval stores, etc.; and in like manner we should exchange produce with other countries, to our reciprocal advantage. The Globe is large enough. Why then need we wrangle for a small spot of it? If one country cannot contain us, another should open its arms to us.

This word was written at the very hour when the Father of the Country was passing from being our First in War to become our First in Peace. Richard Cobden, who was not born until twenty years after 1785, could not have written a better free-trade letter than that; and perhaps the most significant thing in it is the direct relation which Washington emphasizes between "restrictions of trade" and the unfriendliness and recriminations between nations which tend to provoke hostility and war. There is nothing at this moment which provokes more ill feeling towards ourselves in Europe than our high tariff; and it is, we will not say in retaliation for this, but in self-defense, that Great Britain has felt herself compelled to change her whole policy on the tariff question. It was just a century ago (1835) that Cobden published his first pamphlet, "England, Ireland and America," in which he advocated the principles of free-trade and peace to which he devoted the rest of his life; and in the same year he paid his first visit to the United States, to study our industrial and economic conditions. It was a dozen years before Cobden's crusade, converting Sir Robert Peel, established the free-trade policy for England; but for eighty years it firmly stood, falling only at this hour by reason primarily of our high tariff. To many of us it seems that this high tariff, especially as affecting our European debtor nations, which in the last analysis can only pay their debts in goods or service, is the last word in folly; but the discussion of this in detail would take us too far afield.

We must not turn from Cobden however without recalling that through his whole public life he continued to emphasize the close relation between trade restrictions and commercial barriers and the

war spirit, which Washington emphasized in 1785. The promotion of peace and the reduction of armaments seemed to Cobden the logical complement of free-trade. The most signal result of unrestricted commerce was its tendency to diminish the hazards of war and to bring the nations of the world into closer and more lasting relations of peace and friendship. Here in the United States we think chiefly in this connection of his strong leadership in the great International Peace Congresses in Europe in the middle of the last century, congresses inspired and largely organized by our own Elihu Burritt and other American peace leaders. Cobden led 800 English delegates to the Paris congress of 1849, at which Victor Hugo, its president, gave his memorable and prophetic address on "The United States of Europe," the precursor of Briand's great endeavor at this time.

Cobden's identification of the principle of free-trade with the principles of world peace illuminates our whole present problem of tariffs and the world's commercial relations. Free trade in the last analysis implies internationalism. There cannot be with any permanence or any logic a one-sided free-trade. No nation can go on in trade with another when that nation receives the products of the other without duties and the other imposes duties upon imports from the sister nation. International commercial community commands and must institute the same common action to which we have at this very time been compelled concerning war itself. It is but yesterday that each nation decided for itself, and claimed the right to decide, whether it would go to war with another nation over some dispute between them. It is America's greatest modern glory that it is she who, in sponsoring the Kellogg Peace Pact adopted now by sixty nations, has made the control of war international. It is together that the nations have now renounced war as an instrument of national policy and pledged themselves to the peaceful settlement of all disputes, having first created adequate international instrumentalities for the just and peaceful settlement of all disputes. By our government's declaration, occasioned by the Manchurian crisis, that we would henceforth recognize no acquisition of territory by force or in violation of treaties or international pledges, we have implemented the peace pact, put teeth into it, and served notice on the world that all its signatories must respect it and act in accordance with it. The League of Nations has confirmed and adopted our action. We must together act similarly as concerns commercial relations, tariffs and trade; and it would be an equal glory for America if here too she could be the pioneer. Washington struck the great key-note. It would be to her honor to associate herself in this with the League of Nations, as she has done in other activities of common moment to the world. The international direction of tariff policies will be of slow and gradual achievement; but it ought not to be so difficult as the outlawry of war, which has now been effected. There are many intricate conflicting interests, but no temporary injustice which may anywhere result can be so damaging as the constant and universal evils of the present national practices; and the statesmanship of the world must find the way.

As concerns Washington on free-trade and its relation to world peace, the obvious retort to be expected from our champions of protection and high tariffs is that, while Washington may have talked free-trade in an emotional outburst to the Marquis de Chastellux, in 1785, when it came to responsible action as President of the United States in 1789, he made Alexander Hamilton his Secretary of the Treasury, and supported him in his fiscal and economic measures; and Hamilton was "the father of our American protective policy."

This proposition rests upon a superficial understanding of Washington's administration and Hamilton's "protective policy," which policy had little more to do with the principles of, for example, our present Smoot tariff and the popular argument for it than we have to do with the man in the moon. The men who make this careless appeal to Hamilton's "protective policy" would do well to look up the tariff schedules which Hamilton sanctioned and compare them with the schedules of our Smoot tariff bill. The effort to make Hamilton responsible for these or for the current arguments in their behalf would make Hamilton turn in his grave. Hamilton's policy on this subject was expounded in his Report on Manufactures in 1791, and any student desiring an accurate knowledge of his argument will find it there.

The United States at its beginning was almost entirely agricultural, depending mainly upon Europe, chiefly England, for its manufactured goods. Hamilton believed that we should develop our own manufactures. But our new country was at great disadvantage; it was the question of "infant industries" against established organization, large invested capital, and the existing European policy. "If the system of perfect liberty to industry and commerce were the prevailing system of nations," Hamilton declared, "the arguments which dissuade a country in the predicament of the United States from the zealous pursuit of manufactures would doubtless have great force." But that was not the system, he emphasized; and in the existing situation the United States could not exchange with Europe on equal terms. The European nations seconded the exertions of their own citizens by bounties and other artificial encouragements. Hamilton took the same position that Mill took in his "Political Economy," that protection for infant industries, to remove the obstacles of starting, is wise and proper. The contention that our United States is now an industrial "infant," to which this consideration applies, would seem to Mill and Hamilton alike a ridiculous and perverse contention. Even Henry Cabot Lodge, staunch Hamiltonian that he was, wrote in his life of Hamilton:

> In the year 1791, with all nations protecting their manufactures, Hamilton was a protectionist, favoring the protection of nascent industries. At the present day he would probably be foremost in urging a revision of the tariff and a gradual reduction of duties wherever it could be safely done. He would not now be one of those who support a heavy duty in order to furnish to industries already firmly established a protection which accrues solely to the benefit of the manufacturers.

If Henry Cabot Lodge could say that, what is to be said today?

In a word, Alexander Hamilton was not in any real sense the father of what is called the "American protective system." If that title belongs to any-

body it is to Henry Clay; but even Henry Clay would shudder at the schedules of our Smoot tariff today.

By eloquent conjunction, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" was published in the same year (1776) as our Declaration of Independence. In my judgment they were the two preeminently great events of that memorable year; and they were two chapters in one commanding new gospel of freedom and democracy, a mighty and revolutionary protest against the tyranny of governments and the over-regimentation of men in politics and industry. Alexander Hamilton, although certainly not a disciple of Adam Smith, read him carefully, quoted him, and admired him. I do not know what is the favorite reading of Senator Smoot and his tariff colleagues. We do know that George Washington read "The Wealth of Nations." The work was in his library and has been preserved; it was the three-volume edition published in Philadelphia in 1789, the year of his inauguration. This particular copy he could not have read before his free-trade letter to his friend in France in 1785; but it is quite probable that an English edition of the work had been in his hands before that date. Be that as it may, it was in the spirit of Adam Smith that Washington in 1785 spoke his strong free-trade word.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Why the Disarmament Conference Has Failed

Most students of international affairs will, I am sure, long ago have come to the conclusion that little or no disarmament will result from the World Disarmament Conference still sitting at Geneva.

It has been clear for some time that there were some formidable obstacles in the way of disarmament, and that these obstacles were closely associated with Britain, France and Japan, but perhaps most especially with Britain; for while Japan is undoubtedly in an aggressive frame of mind at present, it would not be an impossible task to bring Japan into harmony with the world demand for disarmament, were the League otherwise unanimous on the question. But unfortunately it is not.

Britain, France and Japan. That trio suggests imperialism at once; but the facts have been kept astonishingly obscure.

It is a fairly general opinion at Geneva that Great Britain has been the chief stumbling-block in the way of disarmament. And I think it is a sound opinion. On no occasion have the British representatives at Geneva given an inspiring lead to the Conference, while the astuteness of Sir John Simon has been used again and again to sidetrack proposals for real disarmament.

A careful examination of the speeches of responsible British statesmen since the opening of the Geneva Conference shows that they have chiefly stressed two points: (1) that Britain has disarmed enough already and cannot tolerate any more unilateral disarmament, and (2) that the British Navy is at the minimum strength necessary to protect the Empire and British shipping. In regard to the first point I have frequently stated that so far there has been no real disarmament by any nation, and that the fighting power of all the armed nations is probably three times greater today than it was ten or twelve years ago. With respect to the second point the impression created is that under any circumstances the British Government is not prepared to reduce the number of its cruisers. That impression is fully supported by the latest proposals of the British Government to the Geneva Conference. Those proposals called for large-scale disarmament in the air forces of the world, but especially of those countries, like France, whose air fleets are much stronger than ours; and offset this demand with a proposal merely to reduce the maximum tonnage, not the number of our cruisers. As if France and Italy were not aware that the possibility of increased gun power on a cruiser of lower tonnage, together with the necessity for greater speed, were inclining all the Naval Powers to accept a lower maximum cruiser tonnage than the present 10,000 tons.

So long as that represents the mind of the British Government there can be no general disarmament. It is necessary to be quite clear upon that point. If the British Government insists on maintaining its present number of cruisers, albeit that the maximum tonnage is reduced, France and Italy will insist on maintaining what superiority they possess in land and air forces, and so there will be no disarmament to speak of. On the contrary, the failure to disarm will cause Germany to see danger in the situation and to demand the right to re-arm, while should that happen, the conversion of a disarmament conference into an armaments conference will surely be one of the outstanding ironies and indeed tragedies of history.

This attitude on the part of the British Government merits inquiry. I will venture to say that it is not unassociated with that other Geneva enigma, the persistent siding of Sir John Simon with Japan over the Manchurian issue. That tendency is one of the most startling facts which has come to the surface at Geneva during the last fifteen months, and has probably done more to shake the prestige of the League of Nations than any other event. Incidentally it has made the smaller Powers extremely suspicious of the League, and created the impression among them that the Great Powers are able and ready to use the League to serve the most glaring imperialist ends.

Without question, and in the almost unanimous opinion of the League, as well as in that of the Lytton Commission, Japan committed an aggressive act and a breach of the Covenant, in overrunning Manchuria. Yet the British Government refuses to be a party to condemning Japan's action, while Sir John Simon has done everything in his power to protect Japan from incurring blame or punishment. It is an astonishing situation. The time has come to face the stark realities in the Far Eastern situation and the bearing these have upon the disarmament issue.

The first fact to observe is that Japan is aiming at becoming a great Imperial Power, and the dominant State in the Far East. Moreover, Japan recognizes that her one chance of achieving that end is to act now, before China has had time to gather herself together and to stand forth as a great and united nation.

The next point to observe is that in order to secure the acquiescence of the League for this policy, Japan

is continually suggesting to the Western Imperialist Powers that a strong, Imperialist Japan is the best possible bulwark against Russia and the spread of Sovietism in the Far East.

To that suggestion the British Government is not invulnerable, for it is conscious of the profound and growing influence which Russia and her achievements are exercising throughout the Far East, including India. It is not for nothing that the British Government is prepared to see Japanese influence spreading in the Far East, thereby jeopardizing British trade. India provides the only adequate explanation.

Were evidence required on this point, I would submit the following: Rabindranath Tagore, who, by the way, is a great traveler, writing in the October (1932) issue of *The Modern Review* (Calcutta) says:

> In Russian-Turkestan the Soviet Government in a very short time has imparted new life to the desert-dwelling tribes of Asia.

Further on he says:

> In Japan's blood has entered the poison of Imperialism from the West; and her neighbors are wrought to a state of agonized apprehension.

In the same issue Mr. C. F. Andrews writes of China:

> Owing to their untold miseries, whole provinces have cast off the central rule of the Nanking Government, and . . . have joined the Soviet Republics in a mass revolution. It is estimated that at least 100,000,000 Chinese peasants have thrown off the yoke of centuries and organized themselves into incipient Soviet Republics.
>
> In India, he writes, there has been a moral awakening and a fearless courage which both point forward to an epoch-making change of attitude among the poor in the future.

I would also mention the three-and-a-half-year trial of the Meerut prisoners, as showing the Government's fear of Communism in India, and the fact that Indian newspapers carry an enormous amount of writing descriptive of Soviet methods and development.

Then, the Secretary of the National Union of Students, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* on December 13 said, after referring to the breaking up of a student meeting in Japan by Communists:

> It would seem . . . there is a vigorous radical and even Communist influence among the younger generation which must fill the militant nationalists with alarm and dismay.

I am well aware that Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese representative at Geneva, has of late laid considerable stress on the friendly relations which exist between Japan and Russia. Since then, however, Russia has come to terms with the Chinese Government, since when the situation as regards Japan and Russia has changed. But even when, in the second week of December Mr. Matsuoka spoke in most tender terms of Russia at Geneva, he trespassed on the credulity of his fellow delegates just a little too far when a few moments later he appealed to the League Assembly "to back Japan on the ground that Japan was the only bulwark, or at least the chief bulwark, against the Communist danger in Asia."

The British Government apparently proposes to hold India by means of the sword. The British army in India consists of more than a quarter of a million men, but mostly Indian. It may be necessary to send out larger numbers, and more machinery, from this country. Hence the need for a large navy.

Well might Lord Lytton state, as he did as the guest of the League of Nations Union on December 7 last, that Manchuria was a test case for the League.

> In international affairs at this moment there is nothing more important than the solution of this Far Eastern crisis. The solution of every other problem of the League depends upon it. The confidence of the world in the collective principle is not yet established. What is wanted is positive proof of its value.

Yet all the indications are that the Manchurian issue will be decided on quite other grounds than that of strict justice, viz., on such grounds as the checking of Russia's influence in the Far East, the preservation of India for British imperialist exploitation, the commercial control of the Far East generally.

At the moment Britain and Germany are on the side of Japan, though for quite different reasons. America, fearing an Imperialist Japan, will resist every attempt on the part of the League to exonerate Japan or even to avoid applying the Lytton Report. France is undecided.

We have thus on these two issues—Disarmament and Manchuria—a clear case of a satisfactory settlement being effectively thwarted by the demands of Imperialism. India may not be the only cause of the failure of the Disarmament Conference, but it is unquestionably an effective cause, as it is also a cause of the failure of the League of Nations to deal adequately with the Manchurian issue.

The duty of every friend of peace is therefore plain. Imperialism in India must be brought to an end. India must be given her freedom, as until that happens there can be neither peace nor progress in the Far East nor disarmament among the nations.

WILFRED WELLOCK.

London, England.

The Revolt of Youth

Where is the Dream that drove us into War,
Into the jungle-doom of wrath and fears
Whose long hyena-laughter echoes far
Through tangled devastation of the years?—

When Death and Madness nested with Despair
And Youth impaled itself upon the height
And the gods laughed at the young victims there,—
Where is the Joy that vanished in the Night?

Ye bloody captains, cunning lords of War,—
O, prophets, priests, O, presidents and kings!—
When Faith is fled and Joy returns no more
And the world crumbles—think! think on these things!—

The Justice for which God might have been praised,
The Peace, "the stern, impassioned, sweet Idea"
Dissolved in horror at the stake you raised,
And in the darkened dawn you gave us Fear. . .

We squandered courage, honor, loyalties,
We staked our lives upon your desperate deed,
You put our eyes out with your burning lies,
And left us mired in the sloughs of Greed.

And if we live through some divine design,
Through cycles of unreason and misrule,
Be not astonished if we call you swine
And drive you to the Gaddarenian pool! . . .

The darkened dawn breaks through at last. At last
Lies will be answered, Youth will call to Youth,
A sick earth hail new banners at the mast
And launch new Argosies in quest of Truth!—

Not for dominion of the slave, the blind:
For surer covenants from land to land,
For glory of the adventuring, outreached Mind,
For larger Loyalty, the outstretched hand!

BRENT ALLINSON.

The Unknown Soldier?

(A Suggested Scenario)

By the side of the road stands a little house, one story, weatherbeaten, broken shingles on the roof. Within, a faded woman sits by the window patching a worn pair of overalls. The descending sun, coming through the window, lights the mantel above the closed fireplace. The woman looks from time to time at the sun, at the clock, and then at the picture of a laughing child at the left of the mantel, and then slowly and wearily her glance travels past the clock to a picture of a man in uniform. Her eyes fall upon her work. She pulls her shawl closer about her shoulders as she hears the autumn wind with a low whistle come around the corner and sees it send the dry leaves scurrying down the path to the road. She turns her glance again to the picture at the left of the clock. Her work drops from her hands and she sits silent and alone in the evening twilight.

In the field in the rear of the house an old man slowly, wearily forces the potato-digger into the hill. He bends, leaning on its handle, and grasping the dried stem he slowly deposits them on the dug row. He presses down on the handle of the spade, bringing to the surface the potatoes in the hill. Now, patiently, the old man picks them from the ground and puts them in a basket. The evening chill is in the air. The wind suggests the coming of winter. As he steps to the next hill his eye catches a glimpse of a strange object. He stoops again and picks up the rusted remains of a boy's one-bladed knife. In memory he goes back thirty years and sees a little boy hunting for his lost birthday gift. The next moment another picture comes, of a strong and sturdy man marching away to the sound of fife and drum. The old knife goes into his pocket. He plants the potato-fork in the ground and with a deep sigh he picks up the potato basket and, bending under the load, goes into the shed. When he enters the house the last rays of the setting sun illumine the mantel. It is very still. The clock ticks. He walks slowly across the room and hands to the faded old woman the rusty remnant of the knife. On the wall, protected by glass and frame, is a clipping—"Private Windsor, 146th Infantry, Company C, missing."

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

You Were Given Time

Now what if your brothers' faces are crazed into fury tomorrow,
Though you heap your gold in the streets to expiate your crime,
Your gentle brothers who long were patient, who were dumb with sorrow?
The centuries that they waited have been a weary time.

You were given time to know why the torch had been set burning:
To enlarge their steps and lead them singing out of the gloom.
They waited long for you to learn, who were ever learning
Yet never coming to knowledge. They suffered recurrent doom.
Oh, not for this did the flare burn bright: that your coffers should fatten
On surfeit of gold, and not that your boarded houses should idle
And not that your ladies should glisten more brightly in diamonded satin.
. . . And not that your brothers should strain at the little wheels' cruel bridle.

But rather for this, did the genius fling his torch in the night:
To guide his brothers to find the high noon face to face,
To shorten their darkness of labor, to buy dear freedom of light;
That his brothers and yours, the sons of God, might gather grace.

Perhaps you forgot, with your multimillion coins to blind you,
That ancient Wheel of Fortune, revolving at terrible last.
There were prophets. You would not heed them, casting instruction behind you,
As the ancient Wheel turned surely and little wheels whirred fast.
The little wheels by the torch set whirring—you bound your brothers to them,
Your brothers whose hands had been proud in toil, their lips free-spoken
Till the drudging hours of their darkness were lengthened by stratagem;
Their hands, and hands of their children, driven by wheels and broken.
And others cast forth naked and starved, their proud hands futile
As those of the brothers mangled upon revolving bands;
The venturing blood in their limbs, their daring minds, inutile
When the racing wheels did twice the work with half the hands.

Now what if your brothers' faces are crazed into fury tomorrow,
Though you heap your gold in the streets to expiate your crime,
Your gentle brothers who long were patient, who were dumb with sorrow?
The centuries that they waited have been a weary time!

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON.

Gandhi

O shining soul!
Within a thin brown body,
Holding an empire
In your weaving hands.
The Lion's claws,
The Lion's roars
Leave you unshaken.
Leaves from the tree of Life,
We are driven
By the winds of desire,
Hither and thither.
But you sit quiet in prison,
In the prison we made for you;
Weaving, weaving
Dreaming, dreaming,
Praying, praying,
Loving, loving,
Fasting to death for us,
We who are torn from the Tree,
Shrivelled and hopeless,
Dying the death;
One by one,
Two by two,
Multitudinous,
We are driven back to you,
O Gandhiji!
For you have the sap of life;
O shining soul,
Within a thin brown body
That holds a world
Between your patient hands.

ELSA TUDOR.

The Study Table

Scott Centenary Publications

Now that the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Scott is over, it may be well to note the books which were published in this country and in England in celebration of the event. The one hundredth anniversary of the great Scotsman's birth —the year 1871—witnessed the publication of notable biographies and memorial volumes, but this more recent anniversary made an even more remarkable record. Indeed, I know of no occasion of the kind which was fruitful of so extensive and important a literature. The significance of these new books as commentary on the general idea that "nobody reads Scott any more" is obvious. First among these centenary volumes must be named Scott's own works. And first among these the vast collection of Sir Walter's "Letters," to be issued ultimately complete in a set of ten large volumes! Appropriately in this anniversary year of 1932 there appeared the first of this array of volumes, entitled "Letters of Sir Walter Scott (1787-1807)," edited by H. J. C. Grierson. The other volumes will appear from time to time. A beautiful supplement to this collection is the volume privately completed and published by J. Alexander Symington, "Some Unpublished Letters of Sir Walter Scott, from the Collection in the Brotherton Library." The other side of the ledger, so to speak, is presented in the letters received by Scott through many years, from correspondents famous and obscure in many parts of the world, now gathered in the Letter-Books owned by Hugh Walpole. A first selection from this treasure-trove was published in 1930, as though in anticipation of the centenary, by the editor, Wilfred Partington, entitled "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott." A second selection appeared in 1932, under the new title, "Sir Walter's Post Bag."

The centennial was celebrated by the publication of two anthologies of Scott's immortal writings. The first was a selection of the poetry, edited with a critical introduction by the author of this review, and published in this country and in England by the Oxford University Press, under the title, "The Heart of Scott's Poetry." The second was an omnibus selection of the prose, by the famous novelist, Hugh Walpole, called "The Waverly Pageant." The editor's introductions and comments in this volume were wellnigh as fascinating as the Waverley pages themselves.

Unique and lovely, in a strictly limited edition, stands "New Love Poems by Sir Walter Scott," edited by Davidson Cook. These poems were a chance find in library research, and reveal an early love affair with a girl named "Jessie," otherwise unknown. It is a pity that the poems have little value. They serve only to confirm the already well-established fact that Scott's genius matured late.

Four new biographies of Scott appeared as monuments to the great man. The first in point of time was Stephen Gwynn's "The Life of Sir Walter Scott," a delightful volume published as early as 1930. First in order of merit, I feel, is John Buchan's biography, which must be accounted one of the best works of its kind in recent years. Written from abundant information and with boundless enthusiasm, yet with sure critical judgment, it is a book which will not soon be superseded. Excellent also is Dame Una Pope-Hennessey's "The Laird of Abbotsford." Donald Carswell's "Sir Walter" contains important material, but as a somewhat feeble attempt to debunk an undebunkable character, it is a failure. To these may be added John A. Patten's "Sir Walter Scott: A Character Study." Also the very popular illustrated handbook, published in Edinburgh, "The Romance of Scott: His Home, His Work, His Country."

Several volumes of appreciation and criticism adorned the centennial year. First among these is a collection of scholarly essays gathered and presented by H. J. C. Grierson under the title, "Sir Walter Scott Today." Mr. Grierson also published a charming little book called "Sir Walter Scott: Broadcast Lectures to the Young." This is a series of radio talks given over the British national system through a series of weeks. As an example of high-class broadcasting on a serious theme, the volume is notable. Also, as a most excellent work, is the collection of "Scott Centenary Articles" republished from the columns of the London *Times* by the Oxford University Press.

Last in this notable library of new books on Scott is a handsome volume printed privately in San Francisco by William C. Van Antwerp, "A Collector's Comment on His First Editions of the Works of Sir Walter Scott." Here is a Scott lover unashamed!

And they say, Sir Walter Scott is dead. Well, perhaps! But, if so, "he yet speaketh."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Gandhi Versus the (British) Empire*

Dr. Muzumdar possesses three essential qualifications for writing such a book about Mahatma Gandhi as Americans need to possess. He knows India well; he knows Gandhi well, and he knows America and Americans well.

1. He knows India as nobody can quite know it except one born and reared there, who has drunk in its spirit from the very breast of his mother, from his father's first embrace, from the profound and lasting influences of his Indian child-companionships, his Indian school-training and the Indian environment everywhere about him molding his whole nature as a hand molds clay throughout all his impressionable years from birth to manhood.

2. Dr. Muzumdar knows Gandhi through the close intimacy of living with him in his home; through sharing with him the hopes, the toils, the anxieties and the sufferings of the Mahatma's daring, historic, three-weeks march on foot to the sea, to break Britain's infamous salt-tax, and thus proclaim to her and to the world India's determination to be free; and, later, through conversations and companionship with the great Indian leader in London, during the Second Round Table Conference there.

3. Dr. Muzumdar knows America and Americans through more than a dozen years of residence here, where he has studied in our great universities and achieved high standing as a scholar, and, more important still, where he has traveled in all parts of the land, studying American institutions and American life, and lecturing with ability and eloquence in support of the right of his country to self-rule and to a place once more among the world's great nations. The work that

*"Gandhi versus the Empire." By Haridas T. Muzumdar, Ph.D. Illustrated. A Foreword by Will Durant. Published by the Universal Publishing Company, New York. $3.50.

he has done and is doing for India, as a public speaker, has been, and is, invaluable.

Dr. Muzumdar has written much on both Gandhi and India. And now, in a sense, he gathers up the ripe fruit of it all in this large and striking volume just published, entitled "Gandhi versus the Empire."

In this unique work he gives to the public much valuable information about Gandhi, chiefly in connection with his historic visit to England in 1931, and important utterances from Gandhi's lips—for the most part addresses or parts of addresses delivered at the London Round Table Conference, in Parliament and at the many assemblies, public and private, where he was invited to speak. The significance and value of the book lies mainly in the fact that this important information and these important utterances of the great Indian leader cannot be found except with great difficulty anywhere else, and can be found nowhere else collected together as Dr. Muzumdar gives them in his impressive pages.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Vital Poetry Makes Progress

"Poetry has gone social if not Socialist," admits even the reactionary literary supplement of the New York *Times*.

The new social vision movement in American poetry, given its first chief impetus by "America Arraigned!" the anthology of tributes to Sacco and Vanzetti compiled by the poetry editors of UNITY with an introduction by the editor-in-chief of UNITY, has steadily swung into prominence and influence and is now beginning to eclipse the "new poetry" movement the intellectual viewpoint of which was individualistic, the emotional attitude despair in the face of that frustration to which individualism inevitably leads and the spiritual substance nil. The majority of the credit belongs to the liberal religious weeklies such as the *Christian Century*, the *Christian Leader*, and UNITY itself, but with a good share of tribute due such poetry magazines as *Better Verse, Poetry World*, and *Contemporary Vision*. This means that those who appreciate the power of poetry to aid in social regeneration should be grateful to the poets who contribute to this magazine and interested in their books.

On our shelves now stands a pleasing array of new poetry volumes by UNITY contributors and by those whose vision and talent make them welcome to our pages. Most recent of these is "Tower Window"* by Mary Owen Lewis, whose earlier "The Phantom Bow" brought her the plaudits of William Lyon Phelps and other critics. She does not look down on the world disdainfully from any ivory tower. Sympathy, not superciliousness, is the keynote of her work. She sees far and wide—the slums around us, the farms stretching beyond and then the hills of dream and the plateau of the Promised Land to which mankind has ever been stumbling upward, painfully but persistently. Her resonant tones of courage in lines of unquestionable artistry float out upon the air like a carillon of bells summoning not only to faith in man but to united selfless effort on behalf of a happier tomorrow.

Also mounting upward through **"Horizon Smoke" we hear the sharp, clear songs of Margaret Lathrop Law, among which also we recognize some which we have read in UNITY. Many ascending from far bivouacs and many others being character studies, it is natural that they seem more isolated. Though not lacking in music, one turns for a parallel to the pictorial arts as they are extraordinarily colorful and vividly graphic. One values most of them more for their painting of the places and people than for their social and spiritual significance. But one finds much to justify the late Robert Norwood in writing to her, "I am impressed with your universality of feeling."

Besides the studies of St. Francis and of great Franciscans which constitute most of Benjamin Francis Musser's †"De Re Franciscana" you will find a group of religious poems which should do more toward fostering fellowship in religion than has been accomplished by many a conclave. In reading them you realize that were St. Francis alive, he would be an active admirer of Gandhi.

For war has squandered golden souls as well as coins and crowns;
And hate has marked the sign of Cain on our baptismal gowns;
Bitterly greed has split the rich and poor in all our towns.

Whether Arthur Truman Merrill has contributed to UNITY or not, we cannot recall, but those who read ††"The Desperate Years" will recognize him as one of us in spirit. No words can convey its essence better than its own foreword, "This is a symbolic poem that deals with the spiritual and intellectual chaos of *The Desperate Years* following the World War. Through the earlier sections the atmosphere is one of night and deals with the loss of sane perspective contingent upon the loss of faith in 'the old gods.' A renewal of spiritual vigor and apperception comes with the return of dawn and 'A New Day—Man's Inheritance and Right'." It only remains to be added that here is poetry of the highest order.

Harold D. Carew has won high distinction as a critic. His §"Gypsy Caravan" should convince any reader that he merits similar admiration as a poet. His poetry as his prose is steeped not in acid cleverness but in tonic sympathy. In this collection are several poems of social vision as vibrant as any we ever have read. . . . Ours is no era without its poet-prophets. And if they must go without even from their own comrades the honor that should be theirs, has this not ever been the fate of true poets and true prophets?

RALPH CHEYNEY.

A Book of Reflections

Here is a book* that is enlightening as well as entertaining and stimulating in thought. Every amateur journalist and those interested in amateur writings and publications should get this attractively bound volume for their private library.

It contains original quotations of philosophy and collected verses by a youthful author of short stories and prose. The deep, pensive and humorous reflections of a young girl . . . about people—their Character, their Failings and Aspirations! All cleverly condensed into short paragraphs and phrases, intelligently worded, charmingly arranged.

EDWIN C. DOWNS.

*"Tower Window," by Mary Owen Lewis. David McKay and Company, Philadelphia. $2.00.

**"Horizon Smoke," by Margaret Lathrop Law. Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia. $2.00.

†"De Re Franciscana," by Benjamin Francis Musser. The Franciscan Press, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J. $1.50.

††"The Desperate Years," by Arthur Truman Merrill. C. A. A. Parker, Medford, Mass.

§"Gypsy Caravan," by Harold D. Carew. Lantern Press, Pasadena, Calif.

*"Rocks that Break," by Peggy B. Miller. Published by the John Murphy Co., Baltimore. $1.25.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 354)

My newspaper experience taught me that the most persistent lawbreaker in the community was the liquor traffic. It violated every regulation made to govern it. It would not observe restricted hours of sale. It would not obey the Sunday closing law. It sold liquor to drunkards and minors contrary to law. It was the nursery of crime and criminals. My best source of crime news in the old reporting days was the saloon and its bartenders.

Liquor is inherently lawless. It cannot be made to obey any rules. Its part as a factor in demoralizing society, in promoting violence and murder, in encouraging vice was so commonplace that it had ceased to be a matter of news. County option and statewide prohibition were the answer of people in revolt against the law-breaking traffic. Logically they came to the conclusion that a traffic which persistently disregarded the law and fostered crime ought to be outlawed. What can be said for the logic that now argues for legal recognition of a business inherently lawless?

I recall in those good old wet days that the newspaper for which I worked—it was not in Chicago—used to pay off its men on Saturday after the banks had closed. Newspaper men were proverbially spendthrift. By Saturday morning their pockets were empty. They could not wait for Monday to cash their checks. The kind saloonkeeper on the opposite corner realized their urgent need and made provision to accommodate them. Each man, as he left the cashier's window in the office, took the shortest cut across the street and vanished through the swinging doors. Behind the mahogany bar stood the friendly saloonkeeper, with an extra staff of bartenders. He smiled a cordial welcome, greeting each man by his name, and cashed the proffered checks. Of course that service called for some recognition. Part of the cash received immediately was spent on drinks. Everybody bought drinks. Treating became general. Conviviality grew. The week's pay diminished. The kind saloonkeeper was happy. He whistled a tune to the accompaniment of the tinkling cash register. I knew fellows who had never been in a saloon, never tasted liquor until they were given that excuse for entering a bar and sampling its wares. But it was all legitimate—perfectly legitimate. The law sanctioned it. The respectable newspaper proprietor encouraged it by his pay-off methods. He figured that he saved one day's interest on his bank deposits. It did not seem to occur to him that he lost much more than that in the decreased reliability of his staff. He probably deplored the fact that some of his employes drank to excess at times, but in those good old wet days, it was traditional that newspaper men and printers drank. He accepted that tradition as one of the settled facts for which allowance must be made.

Contrast that picture with what became familiar to me after the liquor traffic was outlawed. About nine o'clock each morning the milkman would arrive at the office, and a distribution of pint and quart bottles of milk would begin in the composing room and spread through business office and editorial floor —scores of bottles. Milk had taken the place of beer as a lunch hour beverage.

I stood the other day at a drug store soda fountain, enjoying a soft drink. Touching my elbow was a burly truck driver contentedly disposing of a cup of hot chocolate. I thought to myself how strange that sight was as compared with the old days. And yet that sight has become ordinary since the eighteenth amendment was enacted.

They say this country will drink itself back to prosperity.

Look at any country that has lawful beer today and then tell me is there any evidence that it is prospering through consumption of the amber suds?

Great Britain has lawful beer, and dire poverty stalks in its streets.

Germany has lawful beer, and unemployment threatens the life of Germany.

Economic salvation is not to be found in beer, or else these countries would be in better shape than the United States, and the fact is they are worse off than America.

Breweries will create employment, they tell us. That is not true. They will shift employment. They will lower demand for soft drinks and milk, and throw dairymen out of jobs. They will, in time, create the unemployable, just as they did before. They will decrease the efficiency of workers, just as they did before.

But the crusade to bring back lawful beer is merely preliminary to the bringing back of lawful spirits, lawful whiskey and gin and all the rest of the bottled trouble that is now an outlaw.

If one could forget for a moment how serious the problem is one would be moved to mirth by the difficulties in which the wets find themselves involved now that they have the promise of the two big political parties to open the road for beer and "repeal."

I am convinced that one thing we can do, and must do, is to renew the educational warfare against the evils of alcohol as an element in beverages. The crusade of education must be carried into every section of the land. The help of science must be enlisted as never before. This is a scientific age. Our boys and girls are laboratory trained. They respect science. Modern science indicts alcohol. The ablest minds denounce it as a beverage. In the schools, in the homes, in the churches, by spoken word and written word, the inherent dangers of intoxicants must be attacked. Informed sentiment must be created that will deal with the liquor evil more effectively than by any method yet tried or now proposed. We cannot accept defeat in this battle. The war must go on, more intelligently, more vigorously, more persistently than ever.

S. J. Duncan Clark in Radio Dialogue conducted by American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation.

Pacifism

The dilemma of some pacifists who are as much concerned with social revolution as with peace can easily be solved. For clarity's sake, there is this to remember: Pacifism is a method, a means, an instrument. It is not an end in itself. As soon as it is understood as an end, confusion clutters thought, exceptions are made for violence, and pacifism gets lost in the woods.

The radical in economics strives for social justice to bring about peace. The religionist also conceives of peace as a goal, but his means is brotherhood. The two philosophies run into a stalemate when held by the same person if a situation arises where he must choose between love and violence. J. Middleton Murry and others, upset by the prospect of having to wage civil war, assert that pacifism cannot do the job; ergo, modify pacifism.

If we are going to let other ideals make inroads on our pacifist convictions, it is time to renounce the absolute. This would put us on a level with retired rear-admirals who favor war as a road to peace, but at least it would be open and unhypocritical. The man who is a socialist first and a pacifist next ought to say so and stop masquerading.

Since studying the history of the peace movement I have become convinced that pacifism suffers by the admixture of either religion or socialism. Both those elements have distorted pacifism's role, which is to seek the adoption of peace measures; measures which would create the conditions of a new society; a society in which economic ideologies and political panaceas can have equal opportunity. There would be no objection if the church conceived of pacifism as a step toward the brotherhood of man by removing obstacles to fraternity among peoples; but mostly the church relies on a nonexistent brotherliness to usher in peace. There would be no complaining about socialism if socialists recognized pacifism as a means of eliminating the armed power of the State and thus removed a barrier to experimentation with socialism; but the cart and the horse have changed places—the socialist tells the pacifist, "Beat down the capitalist system. Then you will get peace."

I should like to ask those who stand with Mr. Murry on being prepared to use violence: After you have wrested away the government by force, will you dissolve your socialist army or will you need it to suppress insurrection and repel invasion? I should like to know of any situation attained by violence which was not maintained by violence.

If social-minded men and women are going to find excuses for the new militarism, pacifism will surely need a house-cleaning; for then the official means, the instrument toward the new social order, will be admittedly something else again. Still saying their goal is peace, they will rely on armaments, on the threat of violence, on the power of the State to enforce peace. That doctrine smells familiar.

—*Alfred Lief.*

The New World.

"... thy neighbor's landmark"

The ten Commandments did not complete God's injunctions to his Chosen People. As they entered the Promised Land, one more law thundered from the heavens: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark." It was the eleventh commandment and by obeying it man was to gain economic happiness and peace.

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